Enter Salisbary and Warwicke.

Edward. See noble Father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the houſe of *Yorke.*
Sal. Well haſt thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of *Yorkes* encreaſing houſe,
The ſmall remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou haſt preſeru'd my life.
Yorke. VVhat ſay you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I heere to hold a Parliament.
VVhat ſaies Lord *Warwicke*, ſhall we after them?
War. After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my faith Lords, t'was a glorious day,
Saint *Albones* battaile wonne by famous *Yorke*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to vs befall.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

The Second Part.

Containing the Trag

Richard Duke of Yorke,

good King Henrie the

Sixt.

Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Warw
Norfolke, Marqueſſe Mountague, Edward Ear
Crooke backe Richard, and the young Earle of Ru
and ſouldiers, with white Roſes in their hats.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd
Yorke. Whilſt we purſu'd the
North,
He ſlily ſtole away and left his
Whereat the great Lord of *N*
Whoſe warlike eares could ne
treat,
Charg'd our maine battels front, and there with
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreſt
Brake in, and were by th'hands of common ſoul
Edward. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of Buc
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerouſly,